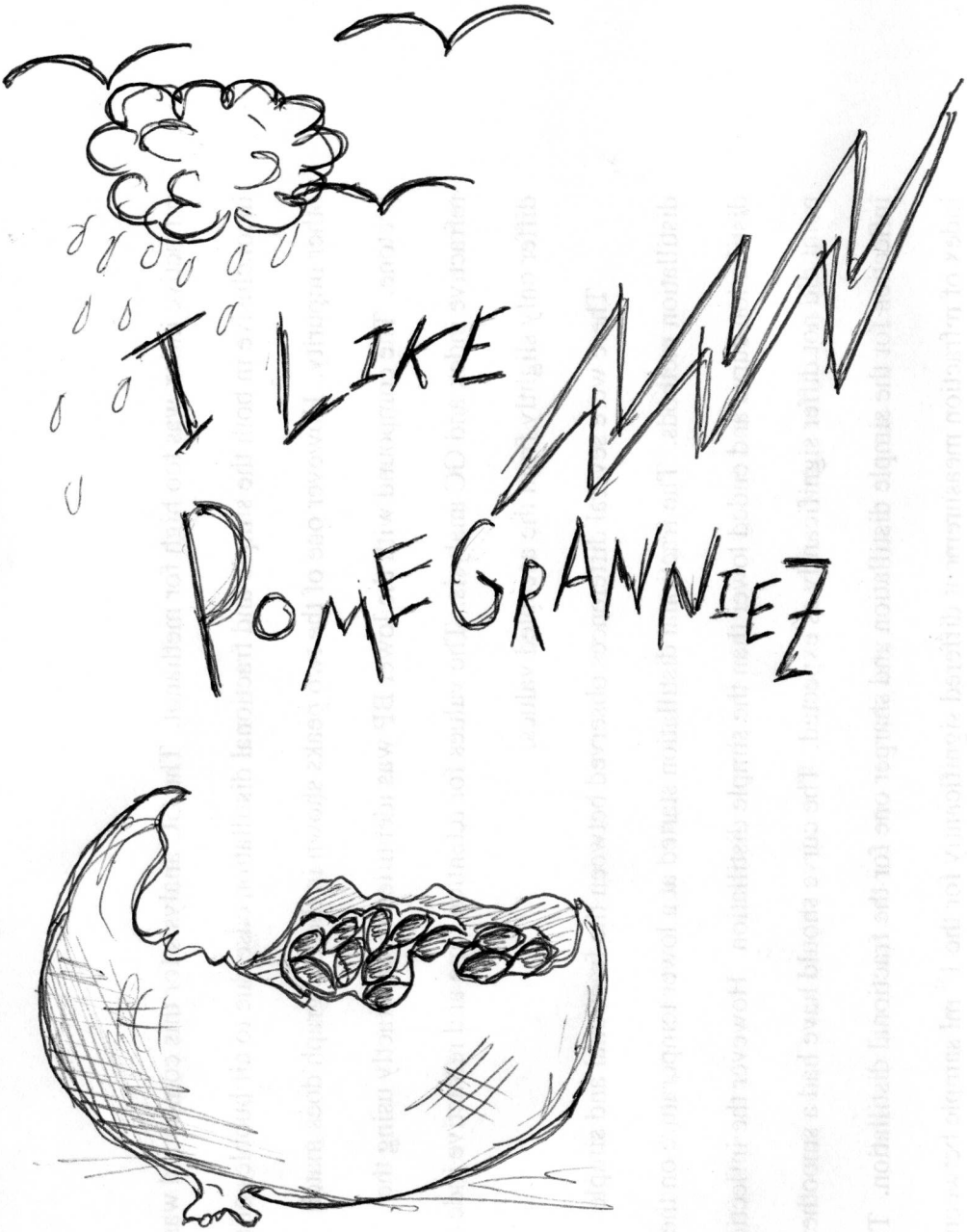
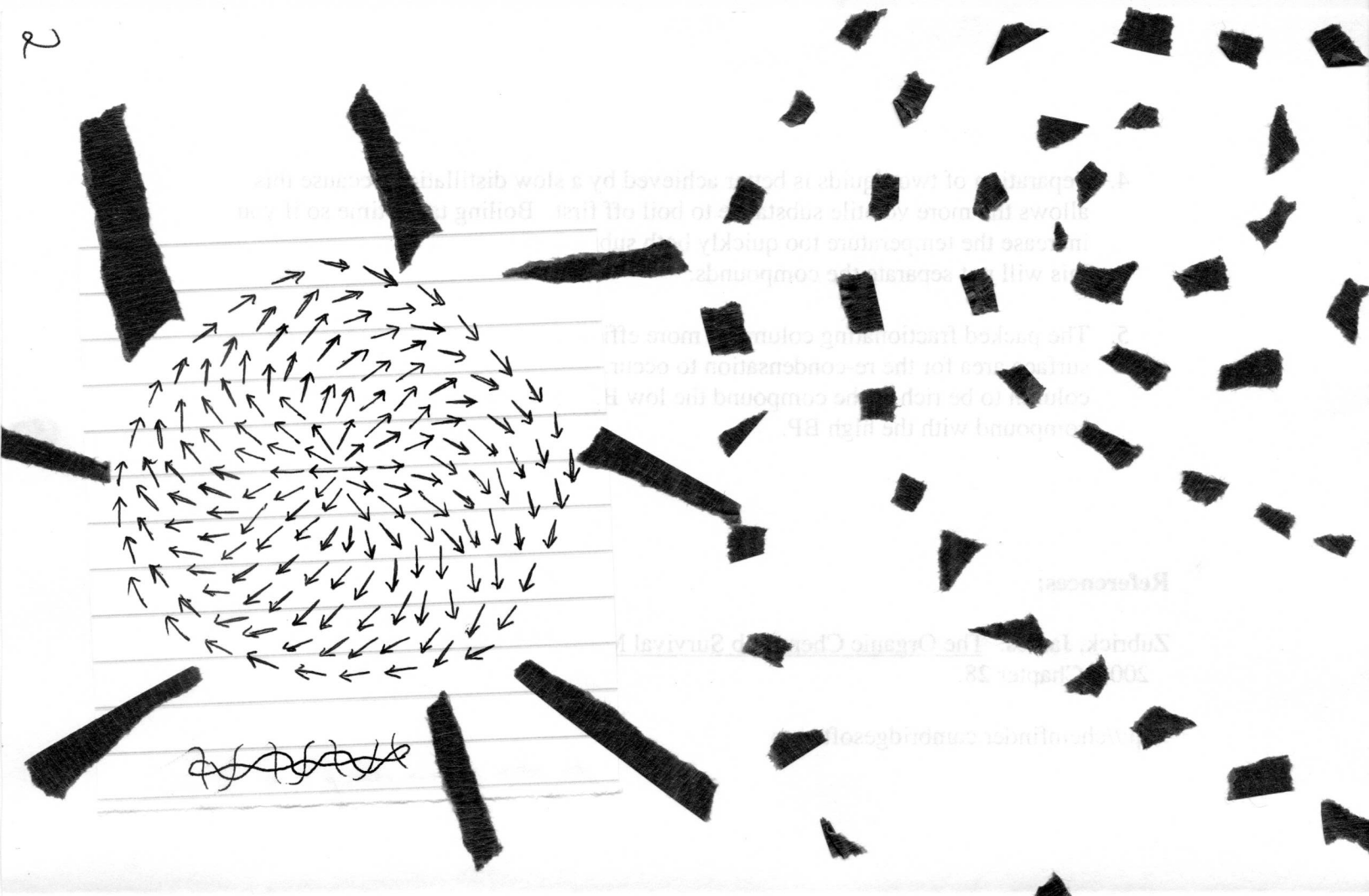


Vol. 69 Issue: 69



The hollows of my fingers fill with brisk sand,
we gaze hungrily upon billions of stars.
I pick one up, measure, inspect, instigate--
"Why have you come here?"
--No reply
"How did you move from your position in the sky?"
A sigh.
"Did you come here to die?"

It goes limp, and I heave it onto my back,
on top of canvas bags and strawberries, dew and sea-salt
The weight is terrible, like the burden of an epileptic child
carried in his father's arms
My back begins to melt, each vertebrae fusing and collapsing
The bones will become fossils--studied scrupulously

Here is the mark that foretells drought
Here is the incision which prays for rain, they will say,
This is the place they stood, buried in rock
eating bullet-pocked fruit, still on display.

Links to your recent searches will be included here.

ehyeh

o lord our god
almighty of my fathers and mothers
give me proof of your existence
dont try to use your power to smother
my resolve faith or persistence

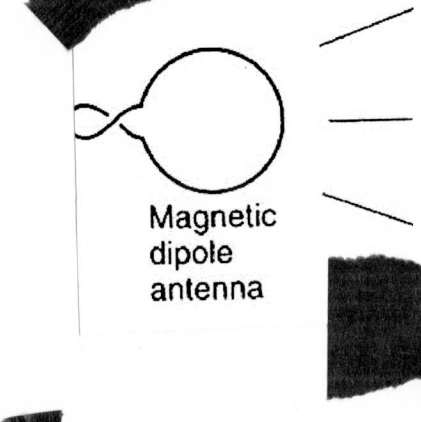
o creator
do you really have any great power
make people believe in the air
to make people lie prostrate or bow or
to praise your very lack of care

o king of all
or figment of the imagination
of a man who felt overwhelmed
can you not give me a demonstration
a golden key to view your realm

o creation
enlighten me as to how you were made
of despair of hopes or of dreams
by whom is it that my life plans are laid
by a sacred drunkard so it seems

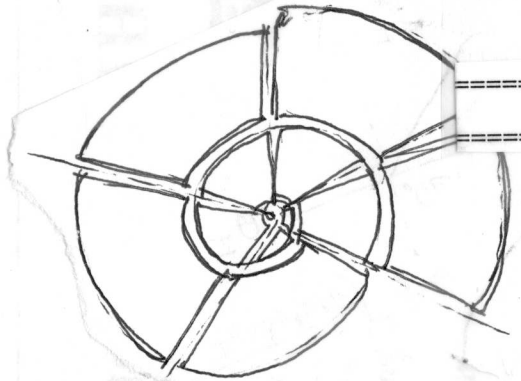
o great author
is your book an autobiography
instead a mere soliloquy
by a man who like me in all i see
can not comprehend how to be

Additionally unethical practices occurred during the 1920's to the 1960's in which time St
, GM, and the rest of the industry controlled all of the research on the health effects of tetraethyl
lead. Scientists such as Dr. Robert Kehoe aided the industry in its "economic power to define the
scientific basis of lead poisoning."



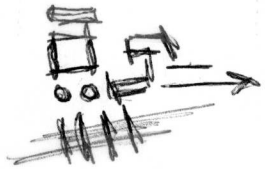
Nationality of composer: England

WE NEED TO



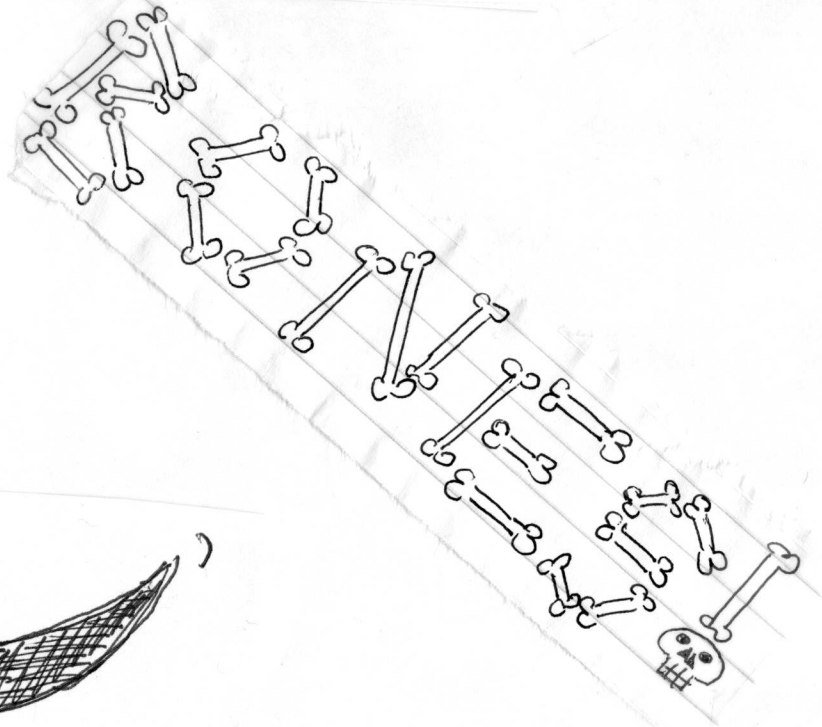
========== RESTART ==========

========== RESTART ==========

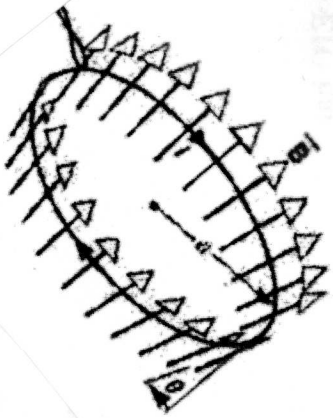


Show love with no remorse
Climb onto your seahorse
This ride is right on course

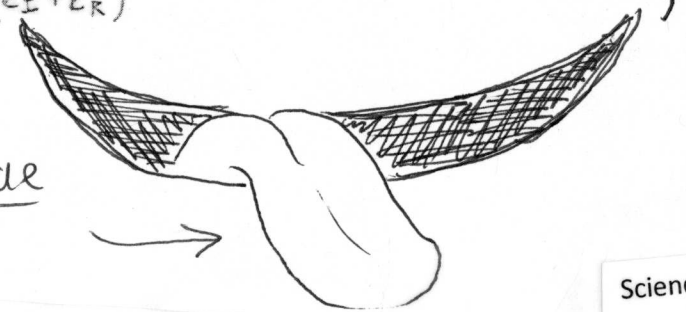
This is the way I wanted it to be with you
This is the way I knew that it would be with you.



Movements? No.



$E_R) = (E_I + E_R)$



tongue

Science has undergone a boom in the last 300 years.

But it's been so long and so short, these years of everyone's, that they don't realize who's making their bile rise and chests rend. They don't even remember us much, anymore. But they'll think of us long before they remember who they once were. While they sigh for and at us, their souls reach out shrunken limbs toward those polluted pools and tables, clutching at our images, cracked tongues lapping up any residue of life. Crushed beneath picket fences, cloaked in plastic sympathy, they are sure to be at every funeral, aching for contact, then shying away as soon as the suburban air shifts.

As a child, I never understood the flocks of the uncomprehending and disapproving, the haters. Even those that love us, like us, admire us, leave us soon enough. Especially those that love us. My father was a star, an icon, a legend to more people than I know. Never have I been worshipped as he was by these people. They seek me out as a connection to him, and I bring tears to some of their eyes, a Virgin Mary crying blood. But even these pilgrims deserted him, or allowed themselves to drift away into non-existence. Some stare like guilty junkies, wanting to hate me for being the one of three to whom he chose to devote himself, yet they are drawn to share their stories of him with some part of him, even his first bastard to know him. My sin of parentage is a tic-inducing, voice-faltering flame they are compelled to orbit.

Soon, they skulk away with baggies of him stashed in pockets and purses, crumbs to sniff in guilty private, away from his shine. I imagine them weeping in cars that sit immobile in driveways, wishing he were a religion or drug, instead of something so incredibly absent. Though they may never crumple, shaking, to their steering wheels, I see the scene in their eyes when their mouths stop and they remember him, his voice. They cannot cloak their desperation when their flesh reflects how a room changed when he entered, his scarred presence shifting everything it encountered. When their bodies display their memories, they cannot forget, and his absence centers in their ribcages. This is when they know they should have been there and why they never will be.

GREETINGS

M

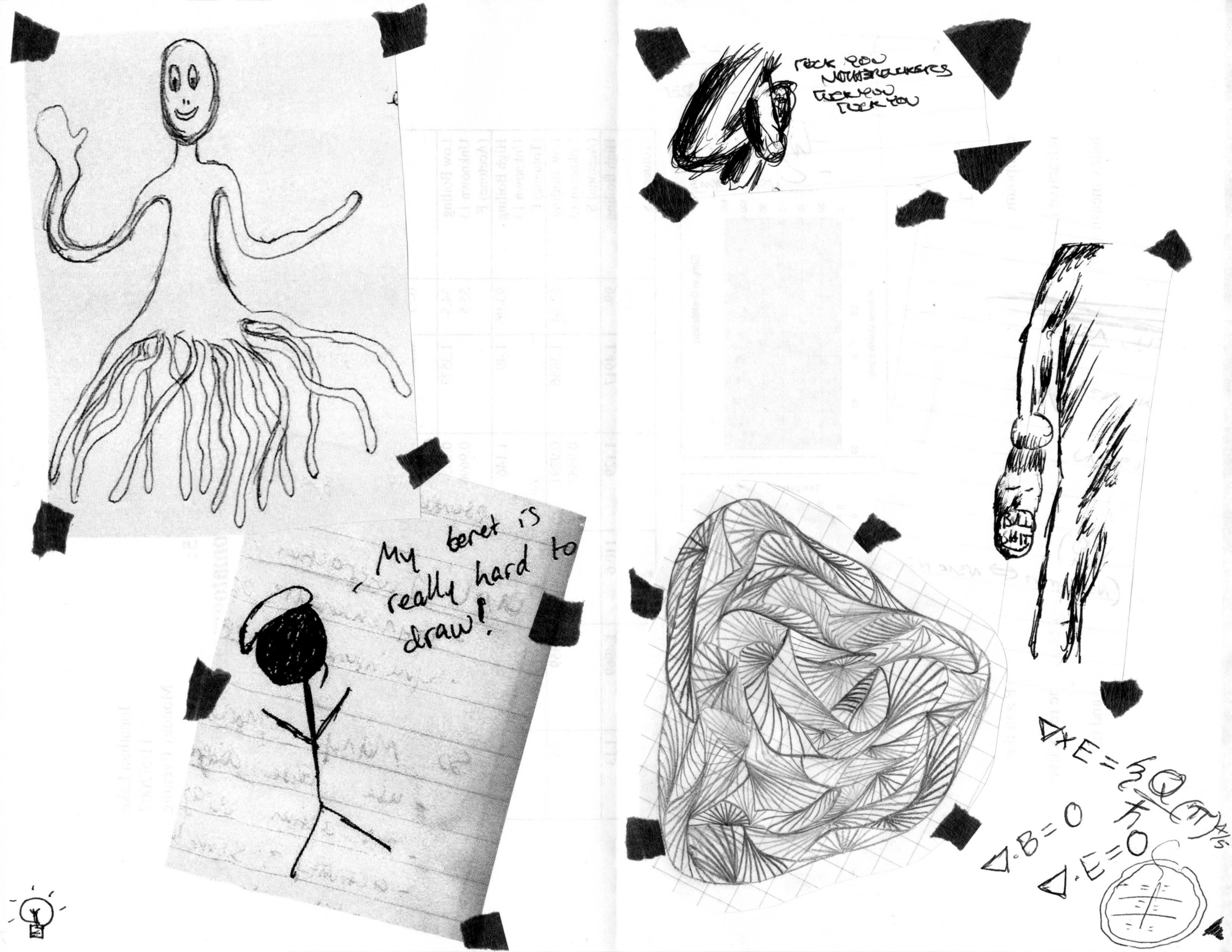
HOME PART 3 "IMPACT WRENCH"

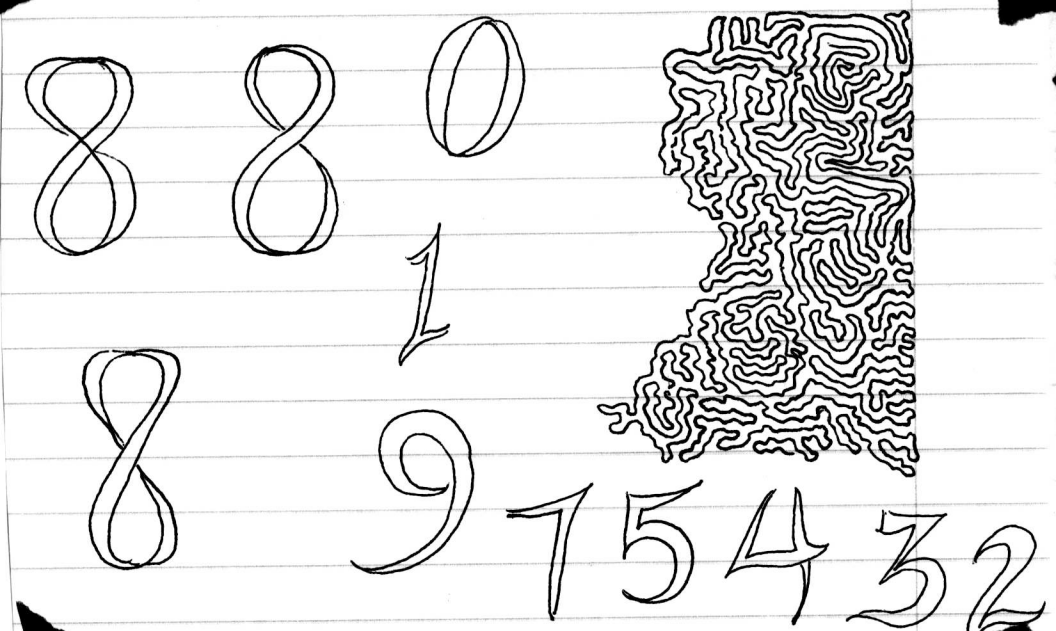
I've come back to where I came from. At least, I've come back as far as I'm able. My physical birthplace and old stomping grounds have gone through a cultural autoclave, sanitized into an extended strip mall, laced with the soothing rolls of grassy medians. They've left me further behind than I will ever leave them. Though I've watched every step it took without me, I cannot feel the place I grew up in anymore.

And because these physical places are gone, stepping in the shit of my emotional conception and suddenly remembering my family's place in me has been shocking to my atrophied systems. The heart-wrenching seconds of such deeply planted pain and joy bring me tremendous grief for everything each of us has lost. And pride. Fierce pride for what we stand for as a unit, an island, as the last men standing.

Family pride was taught to me early on, but only recently have I begun to understand how proud I am of our philosophy and existence, especially our lowest points. Not when we were "struggling survivors," not when the rest of our relatives beamed pleasure at our moments of acceptability, but when we were the foulest, cruelest, craziest, the most alone. It is then that we were at our most passionate, ballsiest. We know how to rumble and still be ourselves, how to keep loving when there's nothing to love, whether crack head, psycho, or drunk. It is then that I see that our cores can never be overshadowed or crammed into thimbles of easiness, don't-rock-the-boat-ness.

People see what we don't have, what we put ourselves through, and cluck and shake. But we were there, the whole time. It was always us, playing out those truth-burdened and comic horrorshows; we never cowered into caves with the others. We liked us and stayed us, and watched everyone else become less them and more everyone else. And it screamed and burned, and broke and bled. It punched holes through us and paraded us through everyone's backyard and dinner table. But we remain on those tables and in those swimming pools even now, floating vomit and rotting fingers of us, shriveled genitals and open sores, echoes of screams and fading curses, reminding everyone of themselves.


FUCK YOU
MOTHERFUCKERS
FUCK YOU
FUCK YOU
My beret is really hard to draw!



san francisco

Driven
through a celebration
of stops and goes
looking for a message

hidden
in the morse code written
under our round shoes;
mountainous pilgrimage.

On the
corner of Thomas More
and religion row
I realize that I can't

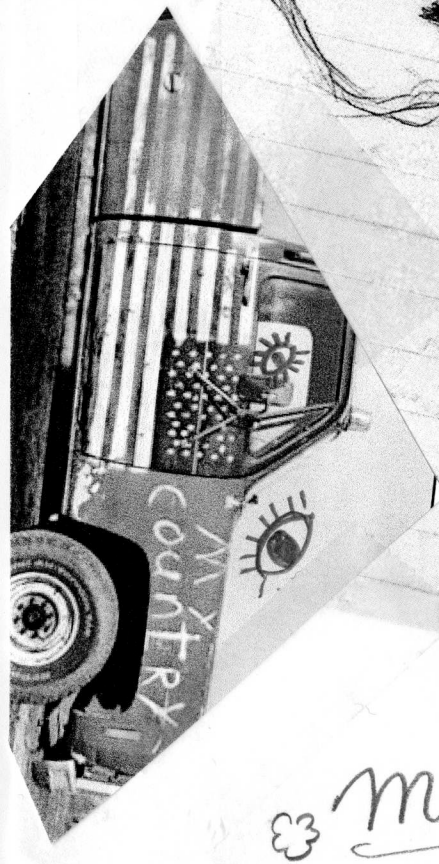
stand
the truth of the blues
of 18th and Judah,
the greens of Kirkham and 35th

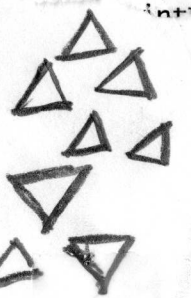
© 2178 + 2 November

```
>>> ==============================
>>>
>>> printTriangle(5,'%',True)

%
% %
% % %
% % % %
% % % % %
```

Movements? No.





moo!

$$= \frac{\mu_1 n_2 \cos\theta_T}{\mu_2 n_1 \cos\theta_I}\left(\frac{2\alpha}{\alpha+\beta}\right)^2$$

$$\frac{\beta}{\alpha}\left(\frac{2\alpha}{\alpha+\beta}\right)^2 = \alpha\beta\left(\frac{2}{\alpha+\beta}\right)^2$$

$$\left(\frac{\alpha-\beta}{\alpha+\beta}\right)^2 + \alpha\beta\left(\frac{2}{\alpha+\beta}\right) = \frac{\alpha^2 - \cancel{2\alpha\beta} + \beta^2 + \cancel{4\alpha\beta}}{\alpha^2 + 2\alpha\beta + \beta^2}$$

One of My Hobbies:

Frightening people with attack hugs.

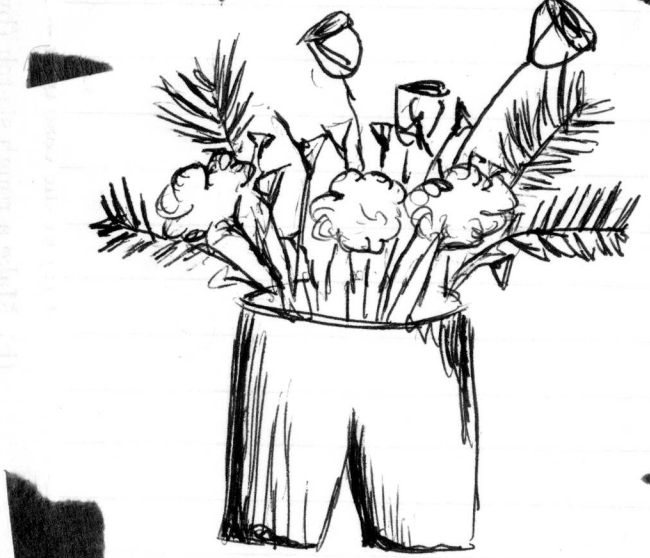
-Aaah!

CHANNEL 57

E G
I G
NEVERMORE
Z O A R
A L I C E
L L A M A
S P
A H A
A T
>>> S H I M I C
>>> A M P C
>>> A N I T A T I O N

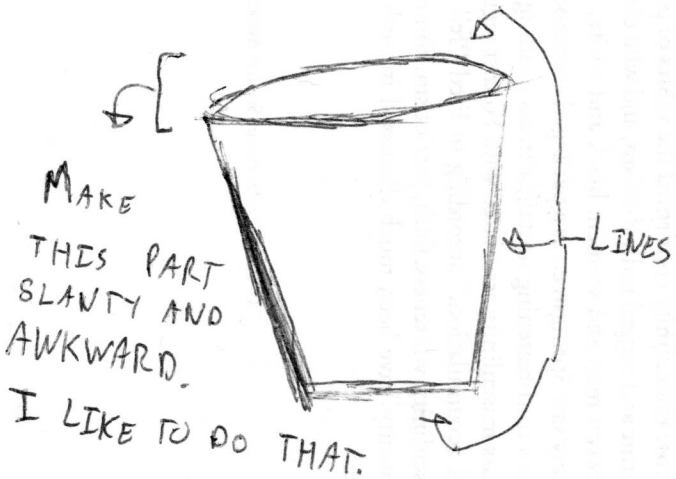
OUTHOUSE

DRAW A DINOSAUR!



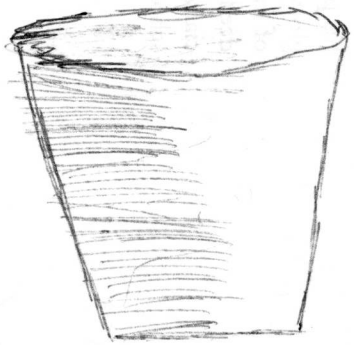
HOW TO DRAW A CUP:

① MAKE THE LINES



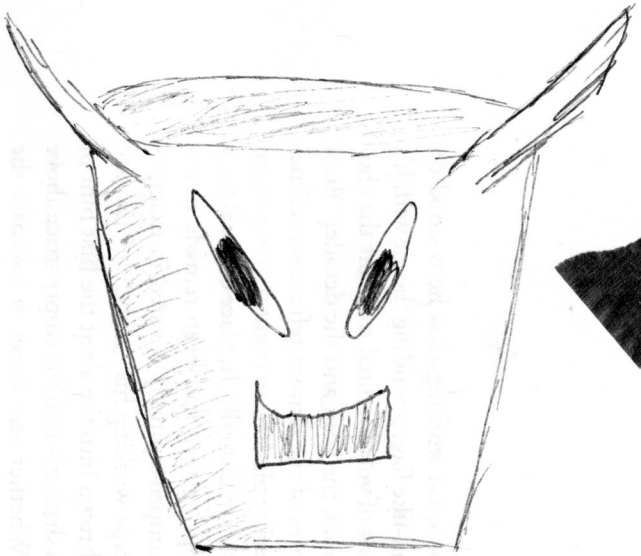
② SHADE THE CUP

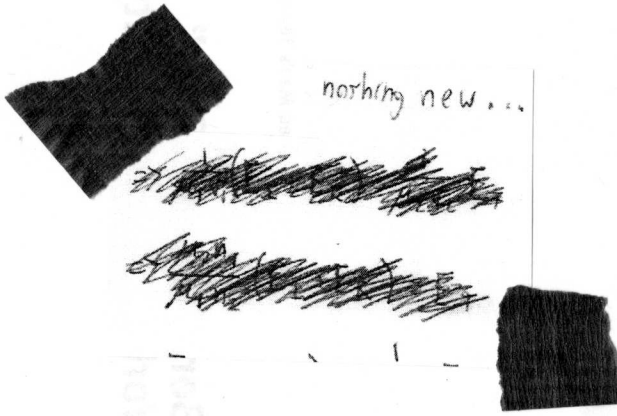
SHADING CAN SAY A LOT ABOUT AN OBJECT.



THIS IS NOT THE CASE HERE.

③ GIVE YOUR CUP HORNS AND SHIT

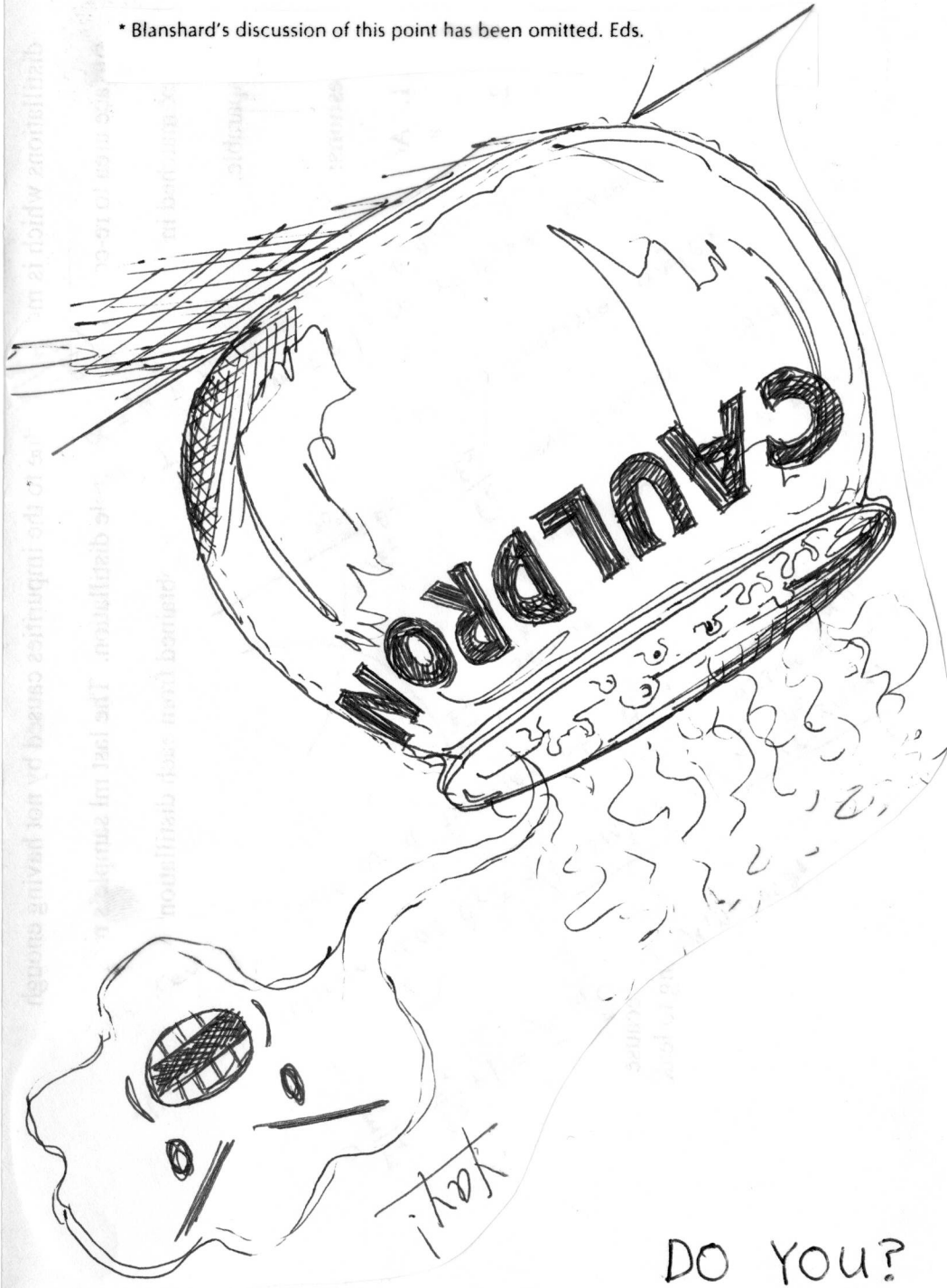




NO

I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON

* Blanshard's discussion of this point has been omitted. Eds.



DO YOU?